experience vs. my half as many months. The next shift-change with Adam she was still talking about it. She went on and on about that pill. How could it have been there? I thought the reason was obvious. She felt she was always the one suspected. The reason for that was also obvious. She made too many mistakes. The manager had already warned me to say nothing. Adam humored her, told her nobody was pointing a finger at her. He kept smoking on the porch.

Later I asked him why he didn't speak up. I called him two-faced, wishy-washy. He smiled. He said there was no point being honest with Gladys.

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During shift change with Adam and Gladys the latter complained about Charlene. Gladys didn't think she was cured. She meant her lice problem. She'd seen her scratching her head yesterday evening when she came for her "meds." I wondered if Gladys got close enough to look in her mouth. Probably not that time. While on the topic of skin infection, Gladys nonchalantly mentioned that last week Karl's girlfriend, Wanda, had told her about bed-bugs in her apartment. Adam turned around. Wanda came to see Karl once or twice a week. It was nearly a week since her last visit. Gladys had waited nearly a week to tell us. Adam said nothing then. Why be honest to Gladys? Later in the dining room he called her a "stupid cunt." If Karl brought bedbugs